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# The Nassau Literary Magazine

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NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE

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Love's Wooing

Love searched all kingdoms through for precious store,  
For wealth of gold and carven ivory,  
Rich gems and pearls — filched from the shell-strewn floor  
Of silent caverns in the Eastern sea ;

And yet the door was barred where Love did woo,  
And all his pleadings empty of success.  
He had used all devices that he knew,  
Yet in his eyes shone tears of loneliness.

There came a day when all Love's treasury  
Melted away and Love stood poor and cold,  
Before the door where he so royally  
Had vaunted his magnificence of old.

Then, as he stood in poverty and shame,  
Her slow, sweet fingers threw the doors apart ;  
And on her lips the murmur of his name,  
Her arms stretched out to draw him to her heart.

*Charles W. Kennedy*

## The Dream

**I**T was a Summer day, and very still except for the clear voice of the girl as she read to her lover, while they sat under an arbor of trees : and he was stiller than was the day, while he sat chin in hand and watched her face, thinking but little of the tale, for it was one of love — and with his own he was already content.

“Thou dost not listen,” she exclaimed once as she looked up and caught his eye,—and he smiled unrepentant. And understanding the smile, as lovers must, she pouted prettily, and returned to the book.

Now when the Knight had gone a vast distance in search of the Magician, to whom his lady had commanded him to go, he became very weary with the length of his ride and, in the heat of the day, did sit down by a softly babbling brook, upon a lawny bank of which his good horse cropped the grass. The place was heavily wooded ; and the brook led down into a deep and narrow valley that was always cool by reason of the dense shade. Below, in the midst of the valley, the music of a far off cataract in the brook droned its monotonous music upon his ear. After the whiteness of the dusty road, the green of the great trees was restful to his weary eyes ; and so, as he lay upon the sward and gazed upon the green above him, sleep came upon him, and he slumbered lightly.

Now while he slept, he dreamed ; and out of his dream there appeared unto him an aged man from the midst of the trees that were in the place. And the man was venerable of aspect, and his white beard swept his girdle. His robe was white, and there were sandals upon his feet, and in his hand he bore a great staff of oaken wood, greatly carved with runes. From all these things, the Knight knew that this was Merlin, whom he sought ; and at first he

was afraid,—but the eyes of the old man were kind, and looked upon him straightly, though gently, and the Knight feared him no more.

"Thou seekest me?" questioned Merlin.

"Aye," answered the Knight, "for my lady, being troubled with a vision that has made her doubt that I do truly love her, doth send me to do some gallant deed whereby I shall prove my love; and doth send me to seek counsel of thee, whether mayhap thou shouldst know of an chance for knightly deeds.

"Thou must search thine own heart," said Merlin looking gravely upon the Knight; "but do thou return and bring thy lady hither, and mayhap I can show both thee and she what you would know. And, for that she is slow of surrender, thou wilt love her the more."

"Nay," answered the Knight. "Do thou give me thine answer, that I may bear it to her,—for the way is very long."

"As thou wilt," said Merlin, "but first thou must come with me."

And as he beckoned, the Knight followed him down the valley, till the purling brook at last became a river descending the widening gorge, though from above, it looked to be a mere streamlet between the mighty crags, and descended with the murmuring noise of three cataracts, till at last it came to the sea which the Knight perceived heaving and swelling in the distance. As they progressed, the way became more and more steep, so that the Knight became dizzy from fear as he looked down from the great heights of the cliffs that hemmed the valley; and he clung fearfully to the bushes that were in his path. At last after many hours of toilful walking, they came to the end of the great valley, and stood upon a white cliff that commanded the sea. Upon the edge of the cliff was a mighty castle, which looked out over the desolate sea and lifted

its grey turrets unto the grey and cheerless sky — and the place was desolate and forlorn. Thick grey clouds tumbled ever to the Western horizon, and hid the sun; and the air, which was still, murmured heavily with the sound of the slow-heaving billows. And the place was very still.

And for a long time Merlin looked steadily out over the forlorn sea and spoke no word; so that the Knight grew more afraid, and came close to the side of the old man, whom he loved. Then did Merlin beckon to the Knight, and they entered the castle by the open draw. And in the place there was no sign of life. The walls dripped water — and, from the echo of their footsteps, seemed alive with whispering sound as that the place had been inhabited by unseen beings — and the Knight grew more afraid, and came close to the side of the old man, whom he loved. But he held his peace. And after they had passed through many corridors, they came to a great hall which had lofty walls of oak. And Merlin turned to him with a smile, and pointed to a couch, whereon the Knight, being weary and faint with his toil, threw himself right gladly and closed his eyes.

"Now do thou sleep," said Merlin, "and I will give thee a sign which thou mayest carry back to thy lady — for in quest of knightly deeds thou must search thine own heart." And straightway the Knight fell into a deep sleep, and dreamed a dream. And in the dream that was within his dream, his lady did appear unto him. But the charm of her face was changed so that cold agony seized upon his heart. And helpless with the helplessness of dreams, he stretched out his hands unto her in supplication, — but she looked upon him coldly, and without pity; and he saw that she no longer loved him, and bitterness pierced him through. But again he stretched out his hands in entreaty, and cried, "Oh my lady, tell me thou lovest me somewhat, yet!" — but her face lost yet more of its beauty, and was

worn with the lines of bitterness and broken faith—and, though she spoke no word, she smiled cruelly,—so that he was without hope and besought her no more—for her face had changed, though its features were not changed,—and love and faith were departed and gone out of it—and it was not the face of his lady, but of another he had not known in her.

Whereat, in his agony of spirit, he awoke with a great cry and perceived that Merlin yet stood by the side of the couch; and there was a smile upon the Magician's lips.

And he asked, "Didst thou dream?"

"Aye!" said the Knight, and he told him all that he had dreamed.

"And didst thou love her when that she had stabbed thy love?" asked Merlin.

"Aye," said the Knight again, "*though my heart did break, yet loved I on the same.*"

And again Merlin smiled, but spoke not. And he signed to the Knight to rise from the couch,—which he did with quickness, for he was no longer weary. And together they left the castle. And, as they crossed the bridge that spanned the moat, they looked—and behold the night had fallen. But the moon, breaking through the tumbling clouds, showed that the sky was blue; and its reflection in the waters of the sea showed that they were no longer of lead, but rested peacefully beneath the moon; and the nightingale sang softly from nearby—and the heart of the young man was at peace.

They returned the way they had come,—but the cliffs were no longer terrible, and the Knight no longer feared the softened depths beneath. And shortly they came again to the lawn bank near where the brook purled and gurgled among the trees.

Then did Merlin turn to the Knight and speak. "Go tell thy lady thy dream, for thou dost truly love her. Thou

*hast searched thine own heart, and thou hast done a knightly deed. I must leave thee now."*

And as he spoke these words, he turned, and was lost to sight among the trees that were in the place. And when the gleam of his white robe had disappeared from sight among the trees, the Knight awoke to find the afternoon far spent.

And he rose up, and returned upon the homeward road, to where his lady awaited him.

*J. Wainwright Evans.*

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## Life And The Other

She said, "Stoop whilst I bind thy brows with roses  
And kiss thy mouth ;  
Lay thy lips long against me, take thy pleasure,  
And slake thy drouth.

Cleave to me through the windings of time's garden,  
With glories rife ;  
Hold fast lest I should leave thee in the gloaming,  
For I am Life."

He said "I neither offer, nay nor promise ;  
I need but all,  
And thou shalt set aside the dross she gave thee,  
Yea, leave it all.

Behold thou art the harvest, I the reaper  
That finisheth,

I am the Master and I make no promise,  
For I am Death."

*K. Sawyer Goodman.*



## Etienne and Eloise

OLD Etienne de Breval's castle was a solitary looking place, but to Eloise it was the world. She knew no other, for from her infancy she had been carefully guarded by its gray walls and deep mossy moat. Sixteen years before, at her birth, her mother had died, and Etienne, in the anguish of his first loss, had sworn that the little being left him—his little Eloise—should never know the hard lesson of life. So he had kept her close at home. No one ever came to the castle. She had no playmates and her friends were the trusty servants of her home.

Her only task was the care of her father's books, and charts, and globes, and all the wonderful things with which his study was stocked. Every day there was something new to wonder at.

Each morning her father would call her to him and ask, "Art thou happy, my daughter?" She would answer "Yes," and his heart would be at rest.

One day she was busy in the study alone among the old books. Some of them were full of plans, and others had queer figures and letters in them. There were pamphlets and scrolls too. She had carefully dusted all of them, and was about to turn to the vials and bottles, when she saw a little book on the top shelf hidden behind a big scroll. It was 'way up above her head, but with the aid of a big oaken chair she managed to reach it.

It proved to be a fascinating little volume—the "Love of Renée and Abelarde."

She hesitated. Should she read it? Her father had been very particular about her books. She opened the cover. Her mother's name was written on the fly-leaf. Why should she hesitate? It was her dear, sainted mother's book. But still she did hesitate. Then she turned to the first page. It was wonderful! Such beauties as it con-

tained. On and on she read. Her little heart beat furiously. Her cheeks were aflame. She had never read such a book. It was filled with fair maids, and knights, and war, and love, a strange being she had never known.

When old Etienne came home, he called Eloise to him as was his wont, and asked, "Art thou happy, my daughter?" and she answered, "Yes," but there was a sadness in her voice that told him ail. Then he asked her what she had been about. She told him simply.

"Ah," he sighed, "I might have known." But he kissed her tenderly.

The next day Etienne and Eloise started upon a long journey—a journey into the great world.

*Ralph W. Owen.*

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## Verses

I close mine eyes to dream of thee, my sweet,  
And all the night through shadowlands we roam,—  
Go tripping through their dusk with joyous feet,  
Or sail on seas wide fringed with pearly foam.

Often in gladness or as oft in woe,  
We glide in stillness down some darksome stream,  
While terrors that our visioned follies saw,  
Haunt us or mock us while we dream and dream.

On, mayhap joy, that of our love is born,  
Doth guard us from pursuing terrors dim,  
Crying, "They are not real! Comes now the morn!"  
Purple the waters to the sea's wide rim!

*J. Wainwright Evans.*

## English Miracle-Plays

THE story of the Miracle-play is soon told. The classical drama had died a dishonorable death at the hands of the Romans in the fourth century, and none other had arisen to fill its place until the beginning of the tenth century. Then the first traces of a mediaeval dramatic art appeared in the Church, which alone, in that age of an almost universal ignorance, was capable of any such intellectual effort. Designed at first as pictorial sermons to bring before the minds of children the events of the Bible more vividly than monkish discourse could, in a short time these simple "plays" developed into more or less complicated dramas of the Holy Writ, with action and dialogue still adhering closely to the text. Throughout European churches and monasteries the three Marys met the risen Jesus at Easter, at Christmas-time came the Annunciation, the Nativity, the Slaughter of the Innocents, all played by priests and choir-boys, assisted in their acting in great measure by anthems telling the plot of the story. Then, first in England, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, began to appear whole plays with action and change of scene, describing the "miracles and sufferings of the confessors and martyrs of the Church," and particularly the Nativity, The Passion, and the Resurrection. And in England these miracle plays reached their fullest and most perfect development.

They speedily gained such popular favor that the throngs of onlookers forced them from church to church-yard, from grave-yard of church to open court of tavern; and wandering troupes of jugglers, and the great town trade-guilds presenting plays in praise of their patron-saints, entered into the competition for public favor. In the plays as a rule, the action was ridiculously simple, the scenery even more so. The stage was the bare wagon on which

the players travelled from one "station" to another; one part of this stage was Heaven, for example, another part was Hell. Later some rude attempts at scene-shifting were made, so that the actors and playwrights were given more freedom in their presentation. The plays must always conform in subject strictly to the season of the feast celebrated, whether Easter, Christmas, or some Saint's Day. Naturally enough this confined the creative imagination of aspiring dramatists cruelly. The institution in 1264, of the "general" annual feast of Corpus Christi happily relieved them of this embarrassment, and they were enabled to form series of plays covering the whole Scripture-story, linked together for this one feast, the great "miracle-cycles of Corpus Christi."

These cycles were four in number, centered about four English towns. Of the four, the least important, from a literary standpoint at any rate, is the Coventry cycle, performed near the South-England town of Coventry. The plays composing it are mostly of foreign composition; a bald emphasis is laid on the didactic element, many of the characters being personifications of abstract ideas, as Mercy, Death, Justice. Altogether the cycle has so little originality and dramatic merit that it need not concern us further.

The other southern cycle, the Chester, is further advanced in dramatic power. To be sure, much of it is crude and elementary. The verses show an almost childish delight in their sing-song rhythm, which, it must be confessed, gives the plays a charming vivacity. The dramatization is decidedly primitive; there is always an explanatory introduction, generally spoken by God, and a moralizing conclusion by the "Expositor," Angels, or Prophets; the Expositor explains the plot whenever it becomes too complicated. The lines show almost no creative imagination; in their worship of the Christ-child, rude English shepherds bring rude English gifts —

"Loe, I bring thee a bell;  
I praise thee, save me from hell."

The characters introduce themselves — "My name Octavian called is." So long as the action keeps to rough comedy it is on safe ground, but — you simply cannot take the "heavy tragedy" elements seriously. Can you imagine Satan in "The Fall of Lucifer," eating out his heart for grief at his fall in these lines,—

"Out, out! what sorrow is this,  
Thot I have lost so much blisse?"

So in "The Slaying of the Innocents" the scolding of the shrewish mothers at the soldiers is excellent, but their grief is hardly true enough,

"Out, out! and woe is me.  
Theife! thou shalt hanged be."

Yet, for all these crudities, the cycle contains many genuine touches of dramatic power which are entirely wanting in the Coventry. The comedy element throughout is delightful. In "Noah's Flood," the wife of Noah refuses to go into the Ark, and her poor husband is in despair,

"Lord, that women be crabbed aye,  
And never are meke, that dare say I."

In "Balaam and Balak" the ass which Balaam is riding refuses to move —

"What the dyevll! my asse will not goe" —  
"Master, thou will witterly,  
So good an asse as me to nye."

We find many true touches of real human depth. In the "Sacrifice of Isaac" Abraham holds up bravely at the sacrificial alter until Isaac pleads,

"If I have tresspasse in any degree,  
With a yard you may beat me;  
Put up your sword if your will be  
For I am but a child."

And so we feel as we read through these plays that, pre-eminently in this Chester cycle, simply-educated natives were writing their English version, vivid but quite literal, of what they conceived to be the stories of the Bible.

The two Northern cycles are worked out with vastly more vigor and originality than the southern. In the York cycle are forty-seven plays treating in turn of the Creation, the Flood, Isaac, Moses — with "King pharoah and eight Jews wondering" for a supporting cast,—the Annunciation, the Birth, Shepherds, and Wisemen. The "Fall of Lucifer" is a typical York play. Its dramatization is simple, with little change of scene — from Heaven to Hell and back to Heaven again; the plot slight,—the boasting of Lucifer causes his fall; the characters few—God, Lucifer, Angels, and Demons. Yet there is an alliteration, a rhyme and, a swing in it, and a majestic simplicity which are very effective. And this, perhaps, is the secret of the charm of this York cycle.

The Towneley cycle, for real dramatic value, is worth more to us than are all its fellows; for, whereas the preceding cycles adhere more or less strictly to the biblical text, the Towneley breaks away into admirable flights of fancy. Take the most genuine comedy in it all, the second "Shepherds' Play." It has a real plot. Three shepherds are complaining of the injustice of life, when a sheep-stealer, Mak, enters. They all dine, then sleep, placing Mak in their midst. He slips out and steals a sheep, which he carries home to his wife. Fearing that the shepherds will suspect him he conceals the sheep in a cradle; his wife pretends to be in child-bed. He returns to the shepherds, finds them still asleep, and gets back to his place undiscovered. On awaking, they find the sheep missing, suspect Mak, and search his house. By accident they discover the sheep in the cradle, but Mak insists that it is his own child, cursed by a devil. Luckily for him the shepherds have a strong sense of humor, and content themselves with tossing him in a blanket. Then, enter the angels announcing, and the conventional adoration closes the play.

The playwright was an observant student of the human nature about him, and an artist in making use of it. The suffering shepherds are very natural ; their

... "leges, thay fold, the fyngers are chappyd.  
It is not as they wold, for they are lappyd  
In sorow."

Serious lines like these break up the strain of rough comedy admirably. In the midst of his ludicrous complaints, Mak strikes one deep, true note, when he

"Would God he were in heven,  
For there wepe no bairnes so styll."

The characterization is delightful ; the scolding wife is especially good. "By the nakyd nek art thou lyke to hyng," she lovingly greets her husband's return with the sheep. The shepherds show a certain grim humour when they find the lost sheep in the cradle. "He has a long snoute," says the first ; and "Sagh I never in a credylle, A hornyd lad ere now," chuckles the second.

The Old Testament plays afforded excellent opportunity for display of imagination in filling in the scenes with lurid details. Cain curses God for a meddlesome "hob-over-the-wall," and slays Abel with a cheek-bone ; when asked where his brother is, he answers very flippantly, "I trow in helle." But even in the New Testament the "lurid touches are by no means lacking. Their characters must have been very real to the dramatists ; the trembling of John the Baptist at the Baptism of Jesus, the mad rage of the High Priest when Jesus refuses to answer his questions, the boasting of the torturers that they have almost killed Him, the fiendish delight of the soldiers when they nail Him to the cross, their cursing the fall of the dice, all bring the pictures vividly before us. They draw directly on personal experience for their metaphors,—

"Hys wife is as sharp as a thystyl,  
As rough as a brere."

"The cross stands like a mast."



Some of the scences are admirably dramatized. Balthasar sends up prayer for light to guide the wise men to their journey's end,—

" ' Send us lyght to oure socoure,  
On this manere ;  
We love thee, lord of towne and towre,  
Holy in fere. '

... here ryse thay all up. "

Compare with the scolding of the bereaved mothers in the Chester play, *this* lamentation,—

My lov, my blood, my play, that never dyd man grefe.

" Ah my bab, myn Innocent !

My hart is all on flood

To see my chyld thus blede. "

The miracles died a natural death during the childhood of Shakespeare, and, giving him his first conception of the stage, left their mark on his comedy and farce. Although foreign influence undoubtedly was a great moving force in the growth of Elizabethan drama, such comedy as we see in "The Shepherds' Play" shows that, even unassisted, English comedy and tragedy would, with lapse of time, have perfected themselves. And, at all events, we understand that the native miracle plays, by sowing in the middle of the common people a love for the stage, in the minds of the players a love for acting, so that the people would demand plays, and the actors be eager to play them ; by their serious attempts at comedy and tragedy, providing models for the drama which was to come after them, played an essential part in English dramatic development.

*Thomas J. Durell.*



## Uncle Ned on Roller Skates

**I**N a little South Carolina town there is a certain Judge H— who is known throughout the entire section as a perfect *raconteur* of dialect stories dealing with the old-time darkies and their drolleries. This is one of the many which I have heard the Judge tell, and I have set it down as nearly as possible in his own words, changing the dialect only where it seemed to me to be so entirely local as to be in danger of becoming puzzling.

Uncle Ned sat dozing by his fireside with a leg of a chicken in one hand, and half pone of cornbread in the other, working his jaws in a style that would have done credit to a gentleman goat. On the other side sat his friend Toby Grant similarly employed. The conversation turned upon a recent visit to the nearby town and incidentally to the new skating rink which had just been opened there. Uncle Ned began :

"Brudder Toby, you ebber tackle dem rollin skeet ?

"No, my brudder. Tole me about dat.

"Well suh, dem is a ting what mek out ob big spool and hab ledder fixin on 'em fur tie roun' de fut fur to keep dem on ; and I tell you, my brudder, ob all de surkus you ebber did see, les' 'tis artquake or mule, you kin hab 'um wid dem skeets.

"I gone to de skeetin rink wid my dorter secon' husban' and de odder boys, and dere I look at dem folks flurrishin' roun' and roun' de room, and dey slide and slide, same lak tukkey buzzard in de air. And den so much a putty gal been dere too—so I ax a boy fur gear me up wid one ob dem. Yes suh, an' I git him fur hole me up till I git de cyart pinted de way dat wuz openest.

"En you cud ride um ?

"Hole on a minit, I gwine tole you now. When I try fur ride de darn ting, he wudn' stay under me 'tall, but

keep on gwine and gwine, shubbin' right on to de front, and I couldn't ketch up wid um nomore. I taut ef I cud stan' up ges one time I cud peruse um berry well. So de boy he ketch up wid me and he stan' me up and den bizness degin. I stan' dere a little bit — sorter 'loney' lak when you wuz a chillum — den I member bout me ambreller which I lef' on de bench, and which-off I knowed it wouldn' stay berry long by heself, so I reach roun' fur 'em an' when I straighten up dem debbil ob a skeet staht off wid me fut long fore I get reddy. Now de fut aint usen to staht off without de res' ob de boddly, so tings begin at once to git mix up.

"Me head riz up kind er down fashun, an' de flo' fly up behin' me en ketch me head befo' me head tech de flo', an de ting happen so sudden dat it most knock de hine sites off me akknowlij. Dat mek de boy laf and mek me mad, so I tek atter him, and I shore wud 'er parallized um ef I cud 'er kotched um, but de blame skeets run off wid me—

"Run off wid yer?

"Yes suh, an' I couldn't stop em. So I be begin to holler to de man to turn off de steam, put out de fiar, an' to call to de chillun to clear de way cause de biler gwine buss. Up an' down, roun' an' roun', de debbil ob a ting da gwine lak he aint hab no sense, an' ebery step he tek I holler at um, 'Wo' and 'Haw,' but dat aint hab no enflurence on de ting at all. Den wusser again, I coldn' stop me leg frum buckel up an' down, same lak a grin' stone handel. At las' de plagey ting run foul ob a sister what couldn' git way frum um, an' he upset de belubbid sister fo' an' af' an' he carry me fut right up in de air wid um, and 'posit me an' de sister on de flo'. Now dat was a great 'tangement, wid we down dere in dat mix-up, and it lef' we in a dicklous an' onsartin fixment. Atter I git me fut back on de flo' de boss man cum roun' and he say 'Ole man, you better tek a res' fur lebben or ate years'. But I

say 'You lemme lone. I gwine skeet or buss.' Den he reply 'Well, you better buss now and sabe de time.'

"But I aint mind de insinnywashun, an' I staht agin, but in erbout two minnits dem skeet tek anudder rank and file moshun in de community, and dis nigger turn a reg'ler back summerset, fall ober de boy, an' de boy fall ober de stove, and de stove fall on a yaller dawg what been under de stove. In de fallin' me lef' fut git way once agin and ketch a Baptis brudder a swat in he year, de good brudder yell murder, de boy holler perleece, de dawg didn' yell for nobody pertickler but he yell more dan any dawg I ebber see yit, fur he hab a libe coal in de middle ob he back and he nebber stop to 'quire bout de res' but he sail down de hall and he upset dem wimmin and gals an' pile um up on de flo' some lak a slycoon strike um.

"De flo' begin to smoke, an' de skeeters begin to holler fiar. De perleece grab de fiar relarm, and soon roun' de corner come de buckra companny. One ob dem cut de skeets off me feet wid his axe, knock de dawg in de head, choke de boy 'till he eye stan' out, den befo' I kin make a 'splanashun ob de confusement, heketch me by de scruff ob de neck and de sout' end ob de britches and shoot me troo de winder right into de middle ob de street.

"My brudder, taint no 'casion fur me to tell you dat I hab nuff ob dem ting. No, my brudder. When me mine lead be back toe dat night, it mek me skin crawl wusser dan when a rabbit run ober me grave. Wherefo' I cum to dis conclude, dat buckra fut mus' be mek fur ride 'pon spool hoss, but nigger kin git 'long berry well 'pon mule; and if dey is willin' to truss dey neck on sech a fool ting as dat, dis nigger 'tends to sabe he ole bones, so when Det comes fer me he fine me lenkwise in de bed. I aint want him fur ketch me on de fly wid rollin' skeets, wid me head underneat' me foot an' me eye turn upside down. No sah, I aint want toe see um no more. I hab a kinder dumbness

in de fut eber since dat night, but I tank Gawd dat wid de  
workin' ob eel skin an' nintment backards and furruds I  
tink I'll git ober it. An' if eber you ketch dissha nigger  
wid he fut on anyting lak dat agin, you kin stan' up in de  
full majority an' say, 'Ned, you is a falsify nigger!'"

*Julian Bonar Beaty.*

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## Night on a Mountain Lake

Moonbeams and shadows on the water's breast,  
Moonbeams fast fading from the misted height,  
And shadows ever bearing toward the west  
Darkness and night!

Darkness and night and silence, and the soft  
Lapping of water on the distant bar,  
And solitary, lonely, shines aloft  
A tranquil star.

A tranquil star, and over all a hush,  
The faint fresh perfume of the mountain pine;  
Stillness and calmness from the mad world's rush,  
Calmness divine!

A harmony of silence and the sound  
Of sleeping nature, murmurous and low,  
Lulling the drowsy sense to dreams profound  
Of long ago.

*James A. Muller.*

## The Expiation of Bill

**T**HERE, boys — there! Lift me easy — water! For Gawd's sake water! — So ye want to know how 'tis the Captin's dead, an' the Captin's boy — pore little Davy! — An' old Bill's still alive an' wishin' to Gawd that he could die too — but he can't — but he can't —

"Bill," says the Captin, layin' his hand on my shoulder, easy-like, "Bill, I'll be gone fer a couple o' days. I want ye to look out fer David. Guard my Davy." Guard his Davy! Lor' bless ye. As if I'd done anything else since the little manny's mammy died — little curly-headed baby —

I wasn't away more'n ten minutes, boys, I swear to Gawd I wasn't, not more'n ten minutes, — but Davy was gone. An' I rode after those little pony-tracks till my horse was coughin' blood — three horses had met on the trail, an' the pony with them. Three horses, then five, then ten, till I knew the truth at last — What could I do, boys, what *could* I do? The company was away with the Captin — an' I waited, six hours I waited — Let me go, ye fools, let me after them — I'm comin', Davy — Bill's comin' —

"Captin," says I, "The Apaches is on the war-path — They've took Davy."

We rode till dark that day an' never broke the gallop. My horse rockin' between my knees or I'd ha' ridden them till mornin'. The Captin said never a word to me, only looked straight ahead of him — did as he was told. I couldn't sleep much that night, 'count of a baby-face that kept comin' between me an' the fire — so we let them sleep, an' we watched together, the Captin an' I — not one word did he say that night, boys, not one word —

Gawd forgive me, I led them right into the ambush — Ridin' too hard, an' nine of us pulled thro' ugh — Nine me

out of fifty, because one man didn't use the eyes Gawd gave him — forty men left naked an' bloody on the open plain — The Captin was with us, thanks to me an' Gawd, an' we got to a high bare rock in the middle of that Gawd-cursed, burnin' desert — Water, for Gawd's sake, give me water! — Don't let me see that rock again, boys — not again —

Gawd knows how long we stayed there — I can't seem to remember — Our water-bottles run dry the first day — an' the boys was picked off — Joe tried to fetch us help one afternoon — the devils caught him — I shot Joe in the back. He twitched 'round like a broken stick — an' he looked at me when he died — An' the Captin never saw — I filled his bottle out of mine — an' he never drank what I'd given him —

I stood guard for the rest of the boys, three nights I watched, for I couldn't sleep — an' the Captin never knew it — They were afraid to rush us, — we'd given them their medicine that first day — nineteen dead I counted, nineteen killed by nine, burnin' in the plain, an' not a wind to stir their hair. They were afraid to bury their dead — starin' at us day an' night, with the sun beatin' down an' the eyes never leavin' us — Jack gave it up at last — wavin' his arms at them till a ball catches him in the throat — an' he comes back to us — Only four left, boys, only four, an' they didn't dare rush us —

"Captin," says I, "I might as well get out an' find ye some help — I'm doin' no good here."

"Very well," says he, hopeless-like. Then, sharp, 's if a bullet 'd caught him "Davy," he cries, "my boy, Davy —"

I was slippin' off the rock that night when someone caught my shoulder.

"Whist!" says he, "the Captin's gone."

For four days I had neither slept nor drunk, boys, an' I could not see an' hear as I once could. I could

hardly follow the trail — though Gawd knows the Captin must ha' left one broad enough. My blood was beatin' in my ears, an' the black ground risin' in front of my eyes — But I found him — I found the Captin all right. I crept right onto him, till my face hung over his — his scalp was ripped off, red, boys, an' his dead eyes starin' wide into mine — He sort of looked glad, though, for all the world 's if he might ha' been lookin' at Davy —

Well, boys, they nearly did fer old Bill, didn't they? Just enough life left to follow ye, an' see ye catch them — That'll be a pretty fight, boys — a pretty fight — I've killed my Captin an' my comrades, but I've paid fer it, boys — haven't I paid? —

"Bill," the Captin says, "Guard my Davy — Davy! My son, Davy!" — If I could, Gawd's mercy! if I could — But I can't, boys — but I can't — I've paid, boys — *haven't* I paid? —

Why, Davy! Davy darlin'! Have ye come back to comfort pore old Bill? There, there, honey, don't ye cry no more. Bill will keep ye — What! They're hurtin' ye? The devils! The cruel devils! An' Bill can't help ye — I can't — Davy!

Must ha' been dreaming a bit, boys — But I'm all right now, see, I'm all right now, I'll go with ye, boys, and find Davy — Gawd! thought I could see Davy again — But I can't — Thank Gawd, I can't —

Just a minute, boys, an' I'm with ye — Wait, ye fools, wait! I'm goin' with ye to find Davy, I tell ye — What? Ye got to ride *hard* have ye? An' can't I ride hard too? Wait! — Wait! — Davy boy, Davy! — There, there, my manny, don't ye cry. — Bill's comin' to ye — if I can — But — I — can't.

*Thomas J. Durell.*



## A Glimpse of Early London Theatres

ON the thirtieth day of April, 1576, one James Burbage, of London, joiner, and leading member of the Earl of Leicester's company of players, obtained from a certain Giles Allen a lease, for twenty-one years, of houses and land situated between Finsbury Field and the public road from Bishopgate to Shoreditch Church. Here he set up the first English play-house, and called it "The Theatre." Like the famous old Club of Addison's day, its name was later to be applied to all institutions of a similar character; but in the beginning there was one Club, one Theatre.

The reasons which led Burbage to choose this site for his new venture were the direct result of a recent ordinance of the London Corporation, expelling plays and players from the city. Previous to this time strolling companies had presented their plays on rude scaffolds thrown up in courtyards of London inns and taverns. The flocking together of large numbers of citizens to witness these spectacles had been commonly attended with drunkenness and disorderly rioting; besides affording an easy means of contagion in spreading the Plague. And thus it came about that, in their zeal to preserve order in the city and stamp out the Plague, the London Corporation, headed by their mayor, passed, in 1575, an ordinance driving all actors from the city and prohibiting the performance of all plays, shows, and spectacles in London Town.

Then it was that James Burbage, with the resourcefulness common to men of his profession, saw the possibility of holding these shows just outside the city, and conceived the idea of erecting a contrivance whereby he could charge for admission, instead of the old method of playing in a public place, and depending for payment upon the largess of the spectators. His device was a simple one, being scarcely more than a circular enclosure built of wood, with



a 'tyeing-house' and other erections for convenience attached. Around the arena were stages or scaffolds, designed to seat the spectators, as in a Roman amphitheatre. There being no roof to the structure, it was open at the top to the weather. This arrangement answered for shows of fencing, cock-fighting, and bull-baiting. When a play was to be presented, a moveable stage was set up in the center of the arena. Such was the first English Theatre.

The effect of Burbage's venture was enormous. Shows and 'activities' of all sorts were presented here, there being record, among other things, of the performance of "Kit" Marlowe's "Faustus." The people crowded out to see the spectacles; and "not a mile or so of distance, nor the sense that they were evading the express will of responsible authority; not the roughness of the groundlings, nor the association with the dissolute characters who always hung about the play-house; and finally, not even the terror of the dreaded Plague could turn away the Elizabethan play-goer from the pastime that he loved."

As soon, therefore, as the great success of the Theatre became evident, it was quite natural that other play-houses should be established. The first of these was the "Curtain," so called from the plot of land on which it was built—Curtain Court being the precinct of the dissolved priory of Holywell, facing on what is still known today as Curtain Road. As far as can be ascertained the building, in its size, shape, and general appearance, closely resembled the Theatre. In the prologue of Shakespeare's *Henry V*, which play was first presented at the Curtain, apology is made for the limited contrivances of the place.

"But pardon gentles all,

The flat unraised spirits that have dared,  
On this unworthy *scaffold* to bring forth  
So great an object: can this *cock-pit* hold  
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram  
Within the *wooden O* the very casques  
That did affright the air at Agincourt?"

Among other plays which are said to have been given at the Curtain, is rare Ben Johnson's "Everyman in His Humour." It is also established that here too, the first performance of "Romeo and Juliet" took place. The names of Robert Arnin and Richard Tarlton—comedians no doubt of a Touchstone order—have come down to us as star attractions at the Curtain. The establishment seems to have flourished down to the time of the general suppression of theatres in 1642.

Indeed it is quite probable that its success interfered with the fortunes of its neighbor, the old Theatre. For about 1598 we hear of trouble between the Burbages and their landlord, Giles Allen. The suit of Allen v. Burbage, soon followed, from the records of which I have gleaned the interesting narrative of the "removal" of the Theatre. Allen charges that "the defendant Cuthbert Burbage unlawfullye combyninge and confederatinge himselfe with the sayd Richard Burbage, one Peter Street, William Smyth, and divers other persons, to the number of twelve . . . did . . . rytously assemble themselves together, and then and there armed themselves with dyvers and manye unlawful and offensive weapons . . . did then repayre unto the sayd Theatre, and in very rytous, outrageous and forcyble manner, and contrarye to the lawes of your highness realme, attempt to pull down the sayd Theatre . . . and having so done, did then alsoe in most forcible and rytous manner take and carrye away from thence all wood and timber thereof, unto the Banckside in the parishe of St. Marye Overyes; and there erected a newe playhouse with the sayd timber and wood."

That "newe playhouse" was the Globe Theatre, famous ever after through its association with the greatest of Shakespeare's plays.

It was across the river, to the Bankside, that the old Theatre had been removed; and I have now to consider

the play-houses which grew up there—the Swan at Paris Garden, the Beare-House, and the Rose at Newington Butts. Imagine yourself back in the days of good Queen Bess, and suppose that on some summer afternoon you are bound on an excursion to the Bankside. You go down to the river, take a boat across, and land, say at Paris Garden Stairs at the end of Paris Garden Lane. Up this street, a little to the left, is the famous old Falcon Inn, where the men of the playhouse are assembling; and inside wit passes with the cup, and jest and flashes of merriment set the table in a roar. But you follow the crowd up the lane till you come to the Swan Theatre—a great wooden structure looking like an enormous cylinder standing on end. A flag is flying on a pole near by to show that a play is on at the theatre. Perhaps you are early and instead of going in, turn eastward to look at the pike in their ponds, or see the baiting at the “Beare-howse.” Word is passed along that “the Queen’s grace and the French ambassadurs are with in, loking of the pastyme.” But there is a great crowd outside and so you decide not to enter. Accordingly you turn down a little side street. It is muddy and ill smelling, and full of foreign travellers; yet withal picturesque, full of life and motion. Hurrying along, ahead of you, are a number of people, just landed from one of the ferries. In the lead are several bold swaggering fellows,—adventurers perhaps who had sailed the Spanish Main under Drake or Hawkins. Following them are three or four prosperous London merchants, stepping carefully through the mud; and now and again looking askance at the noisy seamen. On the other side of the street are a bevy of young ladies, heavily veiled, but laughing and excited at the novel experience. Beside them walks an escort of gay young gallants decked out in fine attire.

A few steps more bring you to the front of Henslowe’s “playhowse”—the Rose theatre. Here there is a short

delay in getting through the gates. The sailors, having shouldered their way through the crowd, throw down several pieces of old Spanish coin, and enter the house. Some embarrassment is experienced by the merchants on learning the high price of seats in the gallery. However, upon reflection, they decide that it never would do for them to stand in the pit, perhaps beside their own shop-boys. So they manfully bring forth their shillings and ascend to the gallery. Meanwhile, as they hesitate, the company of young gallants have pushed by and entered one of the boxes. You decide to purchase a seat in the gallery, and going through the entrance, find yourself in a large amphitheatre, with galleries extending all the way around, forming the wooden O. Below them, in the center, is the pit where stand the groundlings elbowing each other, and subject to a constant shower of orange peels and other articles thrown from above. Extending over about one-third of the pit is a rude scaffold forming the stage. Here, on chairs around the edges, sit the young dandies smoking, and chatting gaily. Back of the stage is the "tyeing-house," or actors dressing rooms. On looking upward, you see the sky above. The thatched roof extends only over the galleries. There is no covering above the pit.

And now the play begins. It is Marlowe's Jew of Malta, with Edward Alleyn leading man of Lord Strange's company in the title part. There is no curtain, and very little scenery or stage property of any sort; yet the costumes are gorgeous, and the actors strut about the stage and deliver themselves of mighty speeches, winning frequent applause from the audience. At length the play is over, the epilogue delivered, a prayer offered for the Queen, and the company dismissed with a curtsy and farewell.

*J. Nevin Sayre.*

## Aftermath

### Fragment

He told me a tale of colonial days,  
Of those quaint old folk and their quaint old ways ;  
Of the things they did and the loves they had ;  
Of where they were good and where they were bad ;  
Of their queer, prim clothes and their sparkling jests ;  
Of their ticklish honor and careless deaths :  
But his object was ever to show to me  
That we're not the men that we used to be.

### WHEN THE FIRE BURNED LOW

The fire burned low on the hearth. The great logs crumbled bit by bit, and the flames leapt up only to die away again in the heap of smouldering coals and ashes. On a high-backed settle at one side of the big open fireplace, sat an aged couple. The man was smoking a long clay pipe, his looks intent on the dying blaze before him. The woman by his side held her knitting carelessly in her lap, and leaned her head against his shoulder. The big, homely room seemed to dance around them, as the fitful flames made grotesque shadows run up and down the walls, now lighting up their faces with a warm glow, and now casting them into gloomy relief. They had evidently been silent for some time.

"Paul," said the woman.

"Well?"

"Are you thinking the same thing I am?"

"Yes, Sue."

"I knew it."

"It was very long ago."

"And on just such a night as this—peaceful and quiet and restful-like. We two sat on this same bench, and watched the little flames in there, flickering so brightly."

"And, Sue, you asked me if I ever saw pictures in the fire. We saw one that night, didn't we, dear?"

"It was our wedding-night, Paul."

"It was a beautiful picture. You said the big logs meant this very house we're in now. That the little flame, right down in the center of all, was the flame of our love, burning ever so steadily. The other flames, leaping up and disappearing in the blackness of the chimney, were our children,—their lives warmed with the touch of our love and care,—going out into the great, bleak world to fight their fight, and win their way, and live their lives of sorrows, hope and joy. I remember every word you said, Sue, and the picture has been with me all these years, and together we have watched its accomplishment. You said you wouldn't mind so very much when the children went away, for it was only right, and we would have each other still. But you do mind, don't you, Sue?"

"Yes, Paul, I do mind. We should be happy, though—we had them so long. And now the fire is low, Paul. You remember that night when it died down as it has now, we saw another picture, just us two together, grown to a good old age? And the children will come back now and then to see us—the children—oh Paul—I'm so tired—"

"Rest your head here, closer still. There, now it's all right. Strange, I'm tired, too—"

An old man sat very still on a bench beside the fire. He seemed to be gazing fixedly at a gray pile of ashes, and his kindly, wrinkled face wore an expression of content. A woman sat beside him, her head on his shoulder, her eyes closed, and her hand clasping his. She, too, looked happy and peaceful. Now their hands fell listlessly apart—the fire was out.

## Lines

As the wind and the sunset rain,  
And Ocean's melody,  
As the sweet of the world-old pain,  
As the sorrow of years that flee,  
So is Love.

As the crimson in evening skies,  
As the scent of a rose in the night,  
As incense and prayers that rise  
In the early eastern light,  
So is Hope.

As the gleam of endless stars,  
In the cold green northern sea;  
As peace after troublous wars,  
As a dream of Eternity,  
So is Faith.

## IDLE THOUGHTS—ON THE MOUNTAIN AND MOLEHILL

Some time since I read a book, several pounds in weight and drier than the Sahara, which dealt of the arguments of many learned men of many ages and nations, pro and con, on a certain point in Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice." When I had finished it, I was angry—at myself for having wasted my time in reading it, at the author for having written it, and at the human race in general for having produced a being capable of inflicting such an outrage to common sense upon the reading public. I felt cheated, and in revenge quoted, on the flyleaf, from the very play treated of: "His reasons are as two grains of wheat, hid in two bushels of chaff. You shall seek all day ere you find them and, when you have them, they are not worth the search." I am told, on good authority, that many such books exist. Heaven preserve me from them.

Man at one time was a predatory animal and, like the



lion of the scriptures, roamed about, seeking whom he might devour. Times have changed and food is no longer secured in this highly precarious way, but the old instinct still remains. Some men choose to chase an elusive point over acres of blackboard and reams of paper, thinking at times to have cornered it, but always seeing it finally escape into the dense foliage of some higher branch of mathematics. Others slaughter bears. Still others go off on a kind of still hunt after obscure meanings and sentiment supposedly hidden between the lines of the writings of great men. What is the object of all this? Why must bespectacled and bewhiskered pedants ruthlessly tear things to pieces, seeking reasons for this, parallelisms for that, argue ponderously as to the bearing of certain clauses or sentences on a subject which the writer probably never heard of, and end by destroying the effect of the whole—the effect probably desired by the author? Imagine the feeling of that poor unfortunate, as he sits on the front porch of the poets' Elysium—which must at times become a purgatory, if not worse, and watches the work go merrily on. Criticism is all right in its place, and, when well done, is second only to creation. I do not mean to condemn good, intelligent analysis, made in the right spirit and with the intent to help humanity to better appreciation and understanding of itself. But why, for the sake of a passing foible or a few dollars, dissect a man's work, examine it microscopically, and probably damn it, years after he has been admitted to the above-mentioned Happy Hunting Grounds? Let the dead past bury its dead faults, and let us only take—and that reverently—that portion of its work which is still alive, still pregnant with meaning for us, and give our attention and sincere appreciation, reserving our condemnation for those who are still on earth and in a position to profit thereby.

*Sterling Morton.*



*The King's Daughter*

The feast hath lost its salt and savor,  
The good red wine seems brackish water,  
And I am fain to sing no more  
Since I must wed with the King's Daughter.

Her hair is like the ripened wheat,  
White are her hands, her mouth withal  
Is doubtless sweet ; I do not know.  
She hath no charm for me at all.

Could I but earn scant oaten bread  
With mine own hands, and eat thereof,  
Indeed I were threefold repaid,  
If thus I might be free to love ;

As free as are the winds that stir  
The standing reeds by the still water,  
As free as are the drifting clouds,  
And need not wed with the King's Daughter.

*K. S. G.*

## Editorial

We take pleasure in announcing the election of George Alexander Walker, Jr., to the position of Assistant Business Manager of the Nassau Literary Magazine.

In regard to the amount of reading required of upper-classmen during the last term, it seems to be generally admitted throughout the University that it was excessive. We may say, in fact, that it has been practically decided to cut down on this requirement for the future, and in relation to this proposed change several plans have been discussed

The first of these was naturally simple, to make a uniform reduction in the work of all of the reading courses in order to bring this work within the reasonable power of the average man to accomplish, and accomplish conscientiously and with benefit to himself. Now, in working out a plan of this sort we deem it pertinent to suggest some ideas which are the fruit of a number of rather careful and thorough discussions, and which, though they seem in many cases perfectly obvious, might easily be overlooked even by a body of men experienced in dealing with the details as well as with the general scope of educational problems.

Before going into these details, however, let us take up the consideration of another plan for the limiting of work. That is the idea of requiring a much larger amount of reading, theme-writing and preparation from a man in the courses of the Department which he elects, than in what may be termed his non-departmental courses; in other words, each course would have two sets of requirements, one for men electing the Department of which it

forms a part, and another for men electing it simply from free choice.

The advantages of such a scheme are that a man would be allowed to concentrate his efforts upon the two or three courses which lie within his chosen Department, and in which he is supposed to take the greatest interest, while his outside work would be in the nature of a recreative change of view point, thus preventing him from becoming stale and one-sided. Also he would all the while be getting much more out of his chosen line of work than he does at present, on account of the almost equal demands of the courses supposedly not so vitally important to him. As a basis for this proposition, it is taken as a fact that by the time a man has reached the beginning of his Junior year he has a fairly clear idea of what he intends to make of himself in the world, and how the courses offered in the University can best help him on his way.

This, however, perhaps unfortunately, does not seem, from our point of view, to be by any means a fact in anywhere near the majority of cases of men entering upon Junior or even Senior year. In this country very few young men expect to make an absolutely definite use of any one particular line of study which they may pursue in a University offering liberal courses. If this were a technical school, or if the men concerned were taking graduate work, they would of course be supposed to concentrate upon one subject, but the men upon whom this ruling would take effect are undergraduates, and many more than two thirds of them are, we can vouch, fully as much interested in their non-departmental courses. Also it seems inevitable that, with two schedules of work, two separate sets of examinations would have to be prepared in each and every Department in which both departmental and non-departmental men were studying. The confusion resulting from this would be almost limitless, and all sorts

of questions, doubts and protests as to the amount of work to be required would surely arise. If the undergraduate opinion upon this question is worth any consideration, we think that we can state positively that it would be in favor of a uniform and general cut in requirements, rather than of one discriminating between departmental and non-departmental work.

In discussing the subject of a general reduction, there are many important considerations, and of these the first is the difference in the amount of work that a man can do, in a given space of time, in the different Departments. One hundred and forty pages of Jurisprudence or Economics may easily take as long to read intelligently as a whole novel of Scott. Poetry is much more slowly read than prose fiction, and reading intensively in a foreign language, in lighter fiction or verse, takes almost three times as long as reading for content merely. In the matter of figuring out work for a course by so many pages per hour, so many hours per week, it is necessary to consider that a man has five other courses each demanding not only an equal amount of time but tending to make him more jaded and weary if he be pushed to the limit of ideal accomplishment in each of them.

Also, if a man be unmethodical, and Heaven knows we most of us are, and if his required work reach an amount considered ideal, or perhaps even a bit short of that, he may, by the seduction of a beautiful afternoon or by lingering over a game of tennis or bridge, be desperately deranged in all this work, and find it almost impossible to catch up again.

## Gossip

The Gossip shook the March rain from his slicker and fumbled behind the letter-slot for any mail, which might have been dropped there while he was at supper. Finding none he stumbled up the dark stairs, into the equally dark study and struck a light. Then he filled a good pipe, lit it and sat down to think things over. How long he sat in the big green chair he does not know, but it must have been a very long time, for he had thought about a great many different things, when suddenly some good fairy stepped up behind him very softly and touched him with her wand, just as the Slumberland People do to little Nemo in the funny page of the Sunday papers. The Gossip sat up, yawned and rubbed his eyes. Then he looked about him. "Certainly something strange has happened," he said half aloud to himself. "This is not my room at Princeton." He became more and more perplexed as his eyes rested on a series of familiar objects, and he was about to rise and shake himself, to make quite sure that he was awake, when he noticed, just outside the circle of light cast on the floor by the shade of a large lamp at his elbow, a figure seated in a large chair, and regarding him fixedly. "Ah," said the stranger, "You're awake, are you? I hadn't noticed you till a moment ago, but I was rather expecting you tonight." He sighed, and shut the big scrap book in his lap with a thump. "Well," he added after a pause, "tell me all about yourself." The Gossip felt something vaguely familiar about the voice, but had scarcely collected his wits enough to make any reply when the stranger continued. "I see you don't recognize me. Draw the lamp a little closer, there now, take a good look at me. Don't you know who I am? Think a moment." The Gossip gave a gasp of astonishment. "By Jove!" he cried, "If I didn't know that it couldn't be true, I'd say—but no, that's too absurd—who are you?" The other laughed. "I know what you were going to say, and, funny as it may seem, you would have been quite right, for I am—" "Myself," broke in the Gossip. "Perfectly true," answered the stranger gravely, "yourself." "But," queried the Gossip, nervously pinching himself to see if he were dreaming, "I don't understand, you seem to be at least ten years older than I?" "True again," replied the other, "I am just ten years older than you are, this is March 1916—but I see that you don't understand yet. Shall I explain? Very good, I'll do so. You know this book, don't you?" He handed over the

large tome which had been lying on his knees. The Gossip took it, opened it and turned a few of the pages. "My scrap book," he exclaimed, "why I was looking at that not half an hour ago." The stranger smiled half sadly, then continued as if he had not been interrupted, "Well, you see just before you came in I was looking over that book, as I do very often, and the idea came to me that it would be very interesting, to call you, or shall I say myself, up out of the past, and see just how you, or shall I say I, felt and looked and acted ten years ago when we—that's it we—when we made this book. This dual personality is rather puzzling." He laughed, then went on slowly. "I hardly expected my wish to be granted, but now that you are here I want you to tell me everything about everything. Just what you feel and think and hope. I can see that you understand and will do as I ask. Please don't leave out anything. I shall ask you many questions. You see it is rather hard to remember and I want to know just how much I have changed in ten years."

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When the Gossip had finished, and answered an hundred questions, the stranger lifted his face from his hands, "I had hardly supposed," he said, "That I was quite so green, so ignorant, so unsophisticated, so full of wild ideas and ideals. Pardon me if I seem rude, in a way, you know, I am only talking to myself." "And yet," he added more seriously, "there are many things that I admire about you which I had almost forgotten and which I am sorry to say I have lost to a great extent, as for the rest, you will learn fast enough, too fast I'm afraid. I am very glad you came, we have had such a profitable evening." "But," cried the Gossip, "Aren't you going to tell me something in return? What am I going to do? What have you done already? Tell me everything." "Oh," said the other, smiling again, "I owe you some return I know, but I can't tell you anything, really I can't. You can see for yourself that I am alive, and that ought to be enough to satisfy you. As for the rest, as I said before, you will learn that fast enough for yourself. I am only a Dream of the Future, and you—well you have have told me nothing which I didn't have stored in some dusty corner of my brain. You are only a Dream of the Past, and have only called up old memories. Good bye."

Just then the same good fairy who had brought all these strange things to pass, tapped the Gossip again with her wand, and he started up from the big green chair to find that it was very late and that his room-mate had already locked up and gone to bed.

## Editor's Table

For the past few days, the Editor has been wondering what he is going to write about, and this thought, recurring from time to time, has haunted him both morning and evening. Now, the Editor dislikes extremely to admit the reason for this difficulty, as it is more or less a confession on his part. But, to be frank, for some time past he has felt, for no assignable reason in the world, particularly vindictive and has been looking for something upon which to vent his spleen. Unfortunately for him, the stories and essays which he read in the exchanges were, in almost every case, too good to be found fault with. In this dilemma, what was the Editor to do. Again and again he searched his brain for some fit subject for his wrath and scorn, but all was in vain.

This morning, however, a new train of thought was suggested to him. As he walked across the campus toward his sanctum in the Lit. office, he came across sundry groups of Juniors and Seniors, who, lured no doubt from their books by the touch of mildness in the weather, were spinning tops, rolling hoops, playing marbles, and otherwise reviving the pastimes of their youth. Now, this is a sure sign that Spring is coming, and the thought of Spring naturally leads to the thought of Spring poetry. Here, then, was the editor's chance. Was there not something about the poetry in our college magazines with which he might find fault. For a while he racked the few brains with which nature has endowed him without result. Then, there suddenly occurred to him a remark which a friend of his had made a few days before. This friend had pointed out that there was rarely any variance in the style of college poetry; that but a few poems rise above or sink below a certain type. Now, the editor does not profess to be a poet. In fact, he hardly claims to know a good poem from a bad one. Yet, as he pondered over this suggestion of his friend, there appeared to him to be quite a modicum of truth in it. And the reason is not far to seek. To produce a good poem — so it seems at least to us — it is necessary for the writer to be sincere and disinterested. He must write for the sake of the poem alone, for the sake of the idea that the poem is meant to express, and not for his own sake or with any ulterior motive whatever. It is a peculiar



fact that, when a man is carried away by the subject upon which he is writing, he is capable of producing something either very fine or very ridiculous. He is rarely mediocre. The reason, therefore, why there is so little variance in college poetry is that most of it is simply ground out for the purpose of filling space or for the purpose of making the magazine. Those who are trying for the paper, know just about the grade of poetry acceptable and write accordingly. There is but little spontaneity, but little sincerity. To us it seems that there are but two essential requirements for the writing of good poetry or for the writing of good literature in general for that matter; first and most important, to have something to say; second, to say it. In the latter requirement, college writers are often well up to the mark. Their verse often flows easily and smoothly and their choice of expressions is apt. Unfortunately, however, they rarely have anything to say. And this is the most important requirement.

But here let us stop a moment. It occurs to the editor that perhaps the casual reader of this brief discourse may suspect that he too is in the same predicament with regard to this first requirement. Perhaps, too, the casual reader is correct. At any rate, let us not inquire too far, but let us rather close the page and turn to the file of exchanges that lies before us.

It is a pleasure to come across such an article as "The Philosophy of Optimism" in the last *Haverfordian*. Written as it is in a style of real beauty, whose only fault is, perhaps, a too great profusion of figurative language; revealing as it does a true insight and a sincerity of purpose that is not often met with in college literature; it was to us one of the best essays that it has been our lot to read for many a day.

Another very good essay is that entitled "A Study of Four Typical Short Story Writers," which appeared lately in the *Brunonian*. The article is written in an entertaining manner, and shows both care and thought. We however, must beg leave to disagree with some of the author's opinions, in particular his point of view regarding Maupassant. It may be that Maupassant's stories are told with truth to nature, but, if so, it is with truth to Maupassant's nature alone.

The poem entitled "Cain," in the February number of the *Harvard Monthly* is a very fine bit of work. It shows real power and contains several descriptive passages of beauty and delicacy.



"Modern Love of Cities" is the title of a curious little sketch in the last number of the Wellesley Magazine. It is a dialogue between a lover of nature and a lover of people, and is written in a sort of poetic prose that is well adapted to the subject. It interested us extremely.

"The Way of the Transgressor" in the the February Redwood is a powerful sketch, although the theme is not new. It is well told, with sufficient restraint to save it from bathos.

"Hearts and Things," which appears in the last Northwestern Magazine, is a dainty little love story, which neither is too trivial nor attempts too much. It deals with Southern life, and, while we do not feel ourselves competent to pass judgment upon the dialect, we have no doubt that it is very well done. There is, besides, a vein of genuine humor in the story that makes it very pleasant reading.

## Book Talk

In "The Novels of Henry James" Elizabeth Luther Cary gives some most interesting criticisms and comments upon the works of this author. The subject is treated under five heads, — American Character, The Genius of Place, The Question of Wealth, Imagination and Philosophy, which is a method calculated to bring out most clearly Mr. James' interpretation of our present day life. The writer pays especial attention to Mr. James' point of view. She characterizes him as "the diligent recorder of the leisure class," — the recorder of "life as close as possible to its source." Working along this line Miss Cary is able to give us a much more definite impression than many of us formerly had of such novels as, for example, "The Golden Bowl." Her comments partake of the nature of the interpretations; they are illuminating and effective to a high degree.

(THE WORKS OF HENRY JAMES, by Elizabeth Luther Cary, G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y., \$1.25)

We are in receipt of a book by Sir Oliver Lodge, entitled "Life and Matter." The purpose of this work is suggested by the sub-title — "An Answer to Haeckel's Riddle of the Universe." The author's aim is to offer an antidote to the speculative and destructive portions of Haeckel's theory and also to give what may be called a supplement to the more scientific parts of the work of that author. To such as are philosophically inclined, this book will be of considerable interest.

(LIFE and MATTER, by Sir Oliver Lodge, G. P. Putnam's Sons N. Y.)

Henry S. Pritchett, the President of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has just published in book form a series of addresses under the title "What is Religion? and Other Student Questions." President Pritchett believes that the college man of to-day is apt to find too little time for matters of religion. His addresses are man-to-man talks, and the good sense of what he says is brought home in a vigorous manner.

(WHAT IS RELIGION?, by Henry S. Pritchett, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, \$1.00)

Although the literary outpourings upon such subjects as Trusts, Labor Unions, Socialism, and the like, seem to be interminable, the subjects themselves are practically inexhaustible, and are in such a state of flux that anyone who can throw new light upon the difficulties involved is assured of a warm welcome. The volume entitled *SOCIAL THEORIES and SOCIAL FACTS* is one of the series of "President Day Problems" and most of its hundred and fifty pages are given up to the task of providing that recent legislation has been misguided, inasmuch as the laws enacted are "opposed to the laws of nature and economics, and interfere with the laws of supply and demand."

(*Social Theories and Social Facts*, by William Morton Grinnell, G. P. Putnam's sons N. Y.)

A sound, sensible book for the reader who considers himself yet a novice in literary matters, is that edited by C. F. Richardson, Professor of English at Dartmouth College, under the title *THE CHOICE of BOOKS*. It is not always that the publishers' advertisement may be accepted as a criterion of a book's value, but we are constrained to admit that in this case the book is very nearly what they declare it to be, viz., "A work designed to give, in the plainest and most practical form, a complete body of suggestions concerning the right use of books, from the smallest private to the largest public Library." Its value as a library book is enhanced by a number of selected lists of books of reference, history, biography and literature, giving the best editions and the prices.

(*The Choice of Books*, by C. F. Richardson, G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

We acknowledge the receipt of a volume of poems taking its title from the first selection, "THE CHILDREN of the NIGHT. The collection contains some fairly good sonnets, some longer verse not so good, and a number of quatrains and octaves. "Her Eyes," "The Story of the Ashes and the Flame" and "The Ballade by the Fire" are among the best.

(*The Children of the Night*, by Edwin Arlington Robinson, Charles Scribner's Sons, N. Y. \$1.00)

The Legend of St. Juliana translated by Charles W. Kennedy, is a little book which will give pleasure to all persons interested in Anglo Saxon poetry. Mr. Kennedy has placed side by side two translations, one of the Juliana of Cynewulf an Anglo Saxon poem of the eight century and the other made from the latin from version of the same legend as found in the *Acta Lanetorum* from which

Cynewulf took his material. The two translations are very faithfully and artistically done with an evident effort to catch and reproduce the difference in spirit between the Latin and the Anglo-Saxon texts, in which Mr. Kennedy has succeeded admirably.

(The legend of St. Juliana—translated by Charles W. Kennedy and published by the Princeton University Library.)